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TALES.

From the Dollar Magazine.

"THE SHADES."

AMID the innumerable places of recreation within the city of New-York is an establishment in the rear of the City Hotel, at the corner of Thames and Lumber street, called the "SHADES." It is an old Dutch looking building of five stories, with its walls directly upon the street, and with an exterior aspect hardly respectable for a common grocery.—Its only entrance is in Thames street, or rather alley, and opens directly to the bar. From this area, a door leads into the public sitting room, where are ranged a series of tables calculated for two or four persons, with the accompanying conveniences of chairs, &c. Around, upon the walls of this room, are hung various pictures, comprised of painting and engravings, representing every variety of amusement from cock-fighting, to the more refined cruelty of horse-racing.—This establishment is celebrated for its excellent ALE and WELSH RAREBITS; this last commodity, being a compound of melted cheese, and bread toast, seasoned with the most racy spices.

Thither assemble nightly, a crowd of the lovers of good cheer, and among them may be found some of the most elite of the city, to discuss the topics of the day over a glass of old Ale and other refreshments. As might be expected from the celebrity of the place, many are drawn in from mere curiosity, while by far the greater part of its visitors, are the votaries of its abounding luxuries.

Among the latter class, was an old gentleman, apparently near the age of seventy, who was observed almost every evening to take his position at one of the side tables and call for his mug of Ale. He was dressed in the costume of the year 1800, with a drab Quaker cut coat, drab short clothes, white stockings, and white top boots. His hat was of rather modern shape, though the crown and brim were so adapted to his other dress, as to be in unison with its antique appearance. His invariable accompaniment was an ivory-headed cane, with gold mountings, with which he was accustomed to tap upon the floor, when wishing to draw the attention of the servants. This was his only mode of communication, except the single word "Ale," which he addressed to the lacquey as he approached him; and even that was after a time dropped, as the ready attendant soon learnt to administer to his wants, from a simple nod. He invariably arrived at a given hour, took out his gold watch and laid it upon the table; tapped for his ale; consumed just an hour in its draught, in the perfect unconcern for what was going on around him; and at the exact expiration of his time, laid down the requisite coin, and took his departure. No one knew whence he came, or whither he went, as his ingress and departure were effected by a vehicle in the form and appearance of a cab.

No singular and eccentric character in man-

ners and appearance, did not fail to attract the attention of the other visitors of the Shades; and many were the conjectures and surmises of who and what he was. Occasionally some more cunning and prying visitor would attempt to draw the stranger into conversation, but his stern and rigid manner, together with his laconic reply in monosyllables, effectually restrained any further approaches.

An occurrence however, soon happened, which introduced the stranger to the company in his true character. On the morning of the — day of January last, there was an unusual assembly of visitors at the Shades. Most of them were young, and of a jovial temperament, while others were of a more sombre cast; and at one of the tables contiguous to that where the stranger was seated, the company was of this latter class, and was deeply excited at the rehearsal of a tale of blood and horror, by one of their number. The description of some of the scenes was of thrilling interest, and the tones of the speaker's voice so audible, that most of the visitors had gradually encircled this table. During the recital of one of the most touching incidents of the story, and at the moment, when the assassin's thrust was vividly portrayed, the old gentleman in drab, uttered a deep groan, and fell apparently lifeless from his chair. The consternation and confusion which ensued, was soon merged in efforts to recover the stranger from the shock his system had received; and after repeated restoratives had been applied, he so far recovered as to sit up. The frivolities and merriment of the various parties had been effectually hushed, and had given place to a settled gloom, which was depicted on every countenance. All eyes were turned upon the stranger, and a feeling of exciting interest was manifested at the mysterious circumstances which had occurred. At length, as the aged sufferer gained strength, he motioned them to silence, and addressed the company in a feeble voice, as follows.

"Gentlemen—You are doubtless surprised at the occurrences of this evening. The rehearsal of this gentleman's story has brought scenes to my remembrance, which made the blood curdle in my veins, and has well nigh overwhelmed my vital powers. I feel that my hours are already numbered and that which I have to say, must be said quickly, if you have patience to listen, and I have strength to proceed, I will unfold to you a tale of blood, the principal incident of which, transpired within these walls, and in which, I was an active participator. After years of absence from this city, I have returned only to witness the localities of early guilt; and here upon this polluted spot, I have nightly contemplated those tragic circumstances which are so vividly impressed upon my mind, and which, in some respects, resemble the tale just related."

A general interest was at once manifested in the stranger's story, and after a few minutes delay, to gain strength and composure, he commenced the

LEGEND OF THE SHADES.

"The history of the Revolutionary War is probably familiar to you all. During most of that period, this city was occupied by the British troops, and it was not until its close in 1783, that it was surrendered to the American government. In the Summer of 1781, the belligerent armies were principally engaged in the Southern and Eastern sections of the country, while the city of New-York was comparatively unmolested, and free from the apprehension of American arms. The sagacious watchfulness, however, of Gen. Washington did not leave the city uninvested, or all its leading avenues unguarded; while a force sufficient to annoy, if not to repel the enemy's foraging parties, was kept up in New Jersey, and especially in the vicinity of Paulus' Hook.

The British officers who were then stationed in the city were mostly composed of those who had been in active service in the earlier periods of the war, and who were either disabled from wounds, or worn down with fatigue. In the absence of immediate danger, the officers, and citizens, who were mostly Tories, devoted much of their time to dissipation, balls, and convivial parties. Many of the superior officers were accompanied by their families, and occupying the deserted houses of the refugee Whigs, lived in a style of considerable elegance.

At that time, Colonel B—, of the 5th regiment of Hussars, was in the occupancy of this house with his family.—This was then one of the few houses which were standing on the West side of Broadway, the principal buildings being in the Eastern part of the city. But one dwelling was between it and the river, which gave it a commanding view of the harbor. In front was a beautiful lawn, extending down to what is now Greenwich street, and filled with the choicest shrubbery and surrounded with the loftiest shade trees. On the North, toward what is now Cortlandt street, was a considerable grove of maples, which gave additional beauty and interest to this spot.

The family of Colonel B— was composed of himself, an only daughter of about 18 years of age, and an aged negro female servant, on whom devolved the weightier part of domestic cares. In addition to these, the Colonel's rank invested him with the control of numerous camp dependants, many of whom were constantly about this establishment.

Descended from one of the ancient baronial families of the North of England, the Colonel had inherited all their aristocratic views and pride of family, and in consequence, held in low estimation such of his fellow officers, who had not a lineal descent from some noble stock. Hence also, his utter detestation of the rebels and their cause, and his zeal for the prosecution of every plan, which would secure subordination, and subdue the germ of liberty. His manners, however, were courteous and affable among his equals, and he was not without some of those

kind and benevolent traits which are so frequently found in the soldier. Toward his subordinates, he was stern and vindictive, and could neither brook the slightest disobedience of his orders, or the least apparent disrespect for his character. As a soldier, he was held in the highest estimation by Sir Henry Clinton, and was among the few commanding officers who were then left in the city on whom he depended for prompt and efficient action in case of any sudden emergency.

This, however, was not the Colonel's first campaign in America. Some ten or twelve years previous, while a Captain in the service, he had been stationed in Canada, and was then in frequent contests with the Indians. It was at that time, he had lost his wife, under the most aggravated circumstances, by an irruption of the Indians into the British encampment; and at the same time his only son, then about three years old, was carried by them into captivity and probably murdered. These distressing circumstances had made such a deep impression upon his mind, and so absorbed his feelings, that he never again married, but devoted himself to the care of his only remaining child—a daughter.

Emma partook of her mother's character, and was mild, amiable and conciliating. Gifted by nature with a high order of intellect, and a most lovely person, she was the admiration of all around her, even at an early age. With such qualities, it is not surprising that she became the idol of her father, and that he should spare no expense or exertion in securing for her the most finished and accomplished education. At the age of eighteen therefore, and during the previous winter, she emerged from the shackles and restraints of tutors and governesses, and entered into the full enjoyment of womanhood and the pleasures of society. Her refined and highly cultivated mind could not fail to command the respect of all who knew her, while the elegant symmetry of her figure, and the bewitching expression of her lovely features and languishing blue eyes, made her the idol of numerous admirers.

Surrounded with all the luxuries of life, and with the pomp and ceremony of military etiquette, and holding a prominent position in the fashionable circles of the city, the Colonel found it necessary to mingle more in the gaieties of the town than he could have wished; and to mix more frequently with ignoble blood than his baronial dignity would always approve.

Early in the spring of the present year, the 43d regiment of infantry had arrived from England, and was quartered in the city. For several years previous its service had been in India, where the officers had become enervated by the climate, and imbibed habits of indolence and effeminacy, which little accorded with Col. B——'s ideas of military discipline and efficiency.

Among its officers was a Captain Frazer, who had risen to his present station, by the force of his own talents and merit. He was of humble origin, but had early devoted his strong and vigorous mind to the acquisition of knowledge, and had embraced every opportunity of hazardous and daring enterprize to advance his fortunes. His person was tall, athletic, and of symmetrical proportions; his features full and well formed, with piercing black eyes; and with a high, expanded forehead, which gave great dignity to his expression. During his extensive intercourse with the

world, his manners had become highly polished and engaging, which gave him a commanding influence and attraction in the fashionable parties which were then so frequent in the city. He soon became as much the delight and admiration of the ladies, as Miss Emma was of the gentlemen; and of course, being the nucleus of every party, he was either the envy or hatred of most of his compeers. Almost daily thrown into the society of Emma B——, it could hardly be otherwise than that he should become fascinated with her exalted mind and lovely person.

The quick and observing eye of Emma's father, had early detected Frazer's attention, and he had constantly warned her to beware of his arts and blandishments. His plebeian blood, his ignoble connections, and his acknowledged poverty, were insuperable barriers to any connection with her; and besides, her accomplishments and beauty, might command the hand of the highest nobles in his majesty's realm. The Colonel too, had become much interested in the young Marquis of C——, who held a major's commission in his own regiment, and who had long been deeply enamoured of his daughter Emma. He was an efficient, active officer, of high and noble bearing, and ever ready for daring exploits and chivalrous adventure. The proud and haughty Colonel took much pleasure in contrasting the rigid military habits of his young friend, with the enervated idleness of the officers of the 43d regiment; and to Emma especially, he expatiated upon his excellencies with earnest solicitude.

But who can fathom the erratic caprices of the female heart! who can penetrate its incipient emotions! Ah! who can stem the torrent of its gushing affections! Emma's feelings had already become deeply interested in Frazer, and notwithstanding all her struggles to banish him from her mind, in accordance with the well known wishes of her father, every effort seemed to plunge her deeper into the abyss of love.

Unconscious as she was, of the extent of Frazer's fascinations, and the depth of her own emotions, she still endeavored to persuade herself that she felt no other sentiment towards him than that of *friendship*; and at the same time permitted, if she did not cherish, the respectful attentions of her father's young friend. With these false appliances, she willingly deceived herself and her father, while she embraced every proper opportunity to enjoy the society of the accomplished Frazer.

Time rolled on, and party succeeded party among the fashionables, until suddenly their occurrence was arrested by the apprehension of danger. Not only was their strong hold, the City of New-York, threatened with a siege, but the rapid movement of Gen. Washington had already alarmed Sir Henry Clinton for the safety of Cornwallis' army at the South. An order was issued for the troops in the city to hold themselves in marching order; and but a day or two elapsed, before the 43d regiment, and several others were designated for a secret expedition. Then came with startling force to the mind of Emma the conviction, that Frazer was inexpressibly dear to her, and that her happiness was irretrievably connected with his destiny. Their meetings became frequent, the avowal of their attachment reciprocal, their faith plighted, and in the full fruition of their gushing feelings, they swore that

neither military, civil, nor parental power should ever separate them.

Overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, Frazer was at a loss to determine what course to pursue. To follow his regiment, with the uncertainty of ever again being brought into contact with the brigade of Col. B——, and his soul harrowed with the thought of Emma's being left to be the prey of her father's violent and vindictive passions, and to the hateful suit of the Marquis, was more than he could endure. His chivalrous and military notions of honor, scorned concealment, and he at once determined to brave the lion in his den, and to develop, at all hazard, to the haughty Colonel, his present engagement with his daughter.

An interview was immediately sought, and the development made, with that respectful and courteous dignity which was at once characteristic of Frazer, and due to the superior rank of Col. B——. Frazer claimed nothing on the score of wealth, family or connexions; but his rank in the army was respectable, his military character unspotted, and his prospect of advancement exceedingly flattering. He stated that his intercourse with Emma had commenced in the public assemblies; his civilities had been at first distant and respectful; and it was only by frequent interviews that he had felt the full power of her fascinations. He knew the disparity in their families and had earnestly endeavored to overcome and suppress his increasing affection, but the powerful emotions of nature, and the reciprocal affection of Emma, had overwhelmed him, and he was then present to ask of him the hand of his daughter at such time as should accord with his parental feelings.

Colonel B——, had long suspected Frazer's passion, and supposed that he had sufficiently guarded his daughter against it, but he had no idea of Emma's affection for him, and this announcement, therefore, came upon him like a thunderbolt, and at first blanched his cheek, and paralyzed his frame. Gradually, as Frazer progressed in his statement, he regained his faculties, and before the announcement was fully made, his eyes flashed with unwonted fury, and his whole frame swelled with suppressed rage. Hardly had Frazer finished his last proposal, when the Colonel's passion burst forth in a torrent of abuse and denunciation, with an utter denial of his suit, and a peremptory order to quit his presence, and never to appear before him again. This violent and unexpected attack upon Frazer, roused all the latent energies of his vindictive temper, and in the excitement of the moment, he indulged in recrimination, which at once resulted in a personal affray with his superior officer.

At the instigation of Colonel B——, Frazer was immediately arrested for his indignity and assault upon his superior in command, and of course suspended from his duties, until a court martial could convene, to decide upon his case.

Frazer was a generous, gallant soldier, but withal, possessed a most violent, vindictive, and revengeful temper. Stung to the quick by the abuse he had received, and the dastardly manner in which his arrest and suspension had been effected, he determined at all hazards to consummate his vows with Emma, while he saw no alternative but to quit the service. This, however, he could not do without an honorable acquittal from his present arrest, and as he well knew he had been

the aggressor, and made the assault upon Colonel B——, he could hardly expect to avoid being cashiered, if tried under his influence. He abhorred the idea of turning his arms against his king and country, and was equally reluctant to mingle with the rebels at all, but he could see no mode of securing Emma, and avoiding disgrace, but to escape with her into the surrounding country, and await a more favorable opportunity to regain his standing and rank. He therefore, communicated to her his views, and soon obtained her concurrence.

A plan of escape was soon devised, and as soon as practicable, put into execution. Frazer had provided a boat, with a confidential assistant, to take him to the New Jersey shore, and the night of escape was designated, and all things in readiness. Emma was to meet him at a concerted place, in the dusk of the evening; both then to move cautiously to the concealed boat, and by a rapid movement evade the sentinel, and make the best of their way to the other shore.

Unfortunately, the Colonel had placed a strict surveillance upon his daughter's movements, and when she took her evening walks, she was narrowly watched, lest she should seek an interview with Frazer. On the evening of the intended escape, more than usual suspicion was attached to her movements, and although nothing like an elopement was expected, it so happened that one of the most confidential and trusty of the Colonel's soldiers, was watching her motions. When she met Frazer, therefore, and moved off quickly, an alarm was given, and a rush made to intercept them. Frazer had taken the precaution to arm himself, and as the soldier rushed upon him, he laid him dead with a pistol shot; but in the affray, Emma had fainted, and his friends in the boat perceiving that the alarm was general in the camp, and that unless they immediately put off, they would all be taken, seized him, and by main force drew him into the boat, and pushed into the river. The alarm guns had already been fired, and the sentinels along the river were upon the alert, and discharged their muskets in quick succession upon the fugitives, but such was the rapidity of their movement, they arrived safely at the opposite shore. Emma was, however, left to meet the haughty frown of her enraged parent, and was immediately consigned to a strict confinement within the walls of *this house*.

At Paulus' Hook, and along the Jersey shore, there were several detachments of the American troops, which were constantly on the alert to arrest stragglers, and especially to intercept spies, and cut off all communication with the city of New-York. The keen eyes of the sentinels on duty, had not overlooked the approach of Frazer and his friends, and the moment they touched the shore, the whole were arrested and immediately taken before the commanding officer for examination. Mortified and chagrined at the result of his expedition, Frazer appeared dejected and confused; and though he gave a connected and honest account of his treatment and escape, his story was received with great distrust and suspicion. He was at once placed under guard, and though personal liberty was allowed him and his companions, they were watched with great caution for a considerable time, and, indeed, until their story was corroborated by subsequent information obtained from the city.

At that time I was a lad of about 15 years of age, and connected with the American camp. My reputed father, was an ensign in the continental army, and was then stationed with his company at Paulus' Hook, and having followed his fortunes in the war, for more than two years, I was still his faithful attendant at this place. Having been brought up on the banks of the upper Delaware river, I had been early inured to all the hardship and dangers of the border settlements, and was perfectly familiar with all the craft and devices of our Indian neighbors. Bold, resolute and active, and having withal a good share of native shrewdness, I enjoyed the confidence of all the officers and soldiers at this station, and in consequence of my extreme youth, and apparent artlessness, was often employed in secret and confidential service, where an older person might excite suspicion. For this reason I was deputed to attend upon Frazer, and while I was assiduously administering to his wants, I was instructed to worm myself into his confidence, and if possible, ascertain his true character and designs.

I had not long been in his service, before I became perfectly satisfied that this story of his wrongs was strictly true, and such was his mental suffering and despondency, that my youthful sympathies were deeply enlisted in his behalf. Through my attentions and condolence I gradually obtained his entire confidence; and frequent were the consultations, and many the schemes and plans which we devised to further his wishes. Such, however, were the barriers between us and the city, and the extreme watchfulness of both parties in guarding against surprise, and the consequent difficulty of consummating any private enterprise, that no plan which we could devise, seemed to warrant success. Week passed away after week, while Frazer remained in sore suspense in regard to Emma and the designs of her father. He had indeed heard from stragglers some general rumors about her intended marriage with the Marquis, but these he considered only the renewed editions of the old story. Through the agency of a flag of truce which had come from the British commander, he had apprised Emma of his situation, and she therefore knew of his safety.

Early in the month of November, while Frazer was one evening walking beyond the outskirts of our pickets, a stranger hastily approached him, and presented him with a letter, and without saying a word, immediately disappeared in the neighboring wood. What was the surprise and horror of Frazer, when on opening the note, he read as follows:

"Frazer—rescue me if possible from the arms of the Marquis. I am doomed to be his bride, and no arm but yours can save me. EMMA."

Overwhelmed with grief and despair, he became almost frantic; and it was not without great difficulty that we could compose him sufficiently, for serious and efficient consultation. At length, however, he regained his usual calm demeanor, but an expression of gloom and fixed determination settled upon his brow, which gave fearful forebodings of what was passing within.

"Brown," said he to me, "my determination is fixed and immovable. I must visit the city. There is my purse;—find me two resolute and determined men in whom I can place implicit confidence, and who will not fear to follow where

I lead. Remember, it is a desperate adventure, and none must accompany me that cannot look death in the face without shrinking. If success attend our enterprise, great shall be their reward. I rely upon your faithfulness and secrecy."

Frazer had become a great favorite in our camp, and most of the soldiers knew his history and his sufferings. An utter detestation too, of British tyranny and oppression, together with a knowledge of his treatment of Colonel B——, had not failed to excite the sympathies of all our men. It was therefore no difficult task to find the requisite men to aid him, in any project which he might suggest.

I fixed upon David Keese, one of my old neighbors, whose valor I had seen often tried in the Western woods, and who already took as much interest in Frazer as I did. I requested him to select the other man.

After our consultation with Frazer, the plan of the enterprise was arranged, and the time appointed. The utmost expedition was necessary, for delay might render any exertion of no avail. I became deeply excited; and so strong had been my interest in Frazer, that I was determined to accompany him, be the result what it might. I made known my determination to him, but he would not listen to it for a moment. My youth, my inexperience, my friends, all forbade it. I was, however, resolute and inexorable, and he finally consented.

All things were finally arranged—a boat, ammunition, and arms; and we only waited for a favorable night to execute our designs. At length, on the evening of the 10th of November, we availed ourselves of a thick fog, and with muffled oars, started for the New-York shore.

Dark as was the night, we had so often taken the brazings of the opposite shore, that with a pocket compass, we found no difficulty in steering directly to the point we had selected for landing. There were no obstructions upon the river, and so still had been our approach, that we landed without the least alarm or observation. All was hushed in silence, save the measured tread of the watchful sentinel.

At that early period, the upper part of what is now the city, was either a forest, or cultivated farms, and the place where we landed, was within a projecting point of land, upon the farm of an old Dutch resident, and in the vicinity of what is now called Warren street. The mansion was situated some distance from the shore; and in front toward the river, extended a clump of shade trees, covering the building from a view of the river; and beyond, bordering upon the shore was thick shrubbery, connected with an extensive corn field.

Under cover of these thickets and the darkness of the night, we concerted our plan of operation, and then stole silently to the open fields. We arranged to divide our party, and unite again at the Colonel's house—force the doors, if necessary—seize the Colonel and his daughter without alarm, and return with our trophies to Paulus' Hook. One of our companions was well acquainted with the city, and he took in charge my old friend David, and sought the Colonel's residence in an eastern direction: while Frazer and myself kept nearer the river, with the same intent.

It was now the still hour of midnight; and in a city where martial law prevailed, it was no easy

matter to pass its streets without observation. Without Frazer's intimate knowledge of the localities and usages of the British camp, we could not have advanced a step; and with all his knowledge, we were several times upon the eve of discovery.—We were twice challenged by the sentinels, but by his lucky hitting upon the countersign, which he had often used before, we passed on without detection.

At length we arrived before the gate of this ill-fated house, and creeping cautiously upon our hands and knees to the entrance of the back door, we patiently awaited the arrival of the other two of our party. They did not arrive, however, as we expected, and Frazer's impatience and anxiety was extreme. We found all was lost, and he was upon the point of entering the house with no other aid than my feeble arm, when our companions made their appearance cautiously at the gate. In an instant more, the door of the house was forced, and by the aid of a dark lantern, we ascended the stairs.

Frazer and David made directly for the Colonel's apartment, which was the one directly over where we are now sitting, and instantly forced the door. I was assigned to guard the room usually occupied by Emma, while my companion was to examine the other apartments.

The colonel had been awakened by the first alarm at the outer door, and was up and preparing for action. Frazer immediately saw that a capture without a severe struggle, was not to be expected. Instantly he flew to the attack without a word said, and dreadful was the onset and crash of arms. The Colonel fought with great desperation, and well defended himself from the attacks of Frazer; while David was in close combat with an athletic figure who had rushed from the adjoining room. This proved to be the Marquis, who fell lifeless by the hand of David. I had watched the contest between Frazer and the Colonel, and saw with horror, that the latter had the advantage, and that his uplifted sword was about to fall with deadly aim upon the head of Frazer; and quick as thought, I drew my pistol, and shot him through the heart.

The noise and confusion which such a struggle had caused, awakened all in the house, and the alarm was soon sounded through the streets. No time was to be lost. Instant escape must be made, if at all; and Frazer, rushing to the door of Emma, took her in his arms, and ordered us to flee and meet him at the boat. But alas! it was too late.—The alarm had become general, and soldiers were rushing toward the house from all quarters; and scarcely had we emerged from the gate, when escape seemed impossible.—As I was young and fleet, Frazer directed me to gain the boat, if possible, and be in readiness to put off, the instant he arrived. But to leave him, I could not, and would not; and we determined to fight our way through, or die upon the spot. Luckily but five soldiers approached from the direction whither we were rushing, and we attacked them so suddenly, and with such fury, that three were killed, and the other two fled. We then pushed on, and reached the grove at the north of this building; but David and Frazer were both slightly wounded. Here we separated, the better to reach our boat in safety, and it was the last I saw of poor Frazer living. David and he were soon soon overtaken, encumbered as

they were with Emma, and their wounds; and though they fought with perfect madness, were at length overpowered by numbers, and killed.

I escaped to the boat, but what was my horror to find it gone. Our other companion had been before me, and was then on his way across the river. Fruitful, however, in expedients, and nothing dismayed, I threw away my arms, and every article of clothing which I could spare, and which would be likely to betray me, and immediately took a circuitous route for the field of slaughter. There I mingled with the crowd, and became one of the busiest of the busy, in enquiries and conjectures.

The next day I mixed with the horror-stricken multitude, and came to view the bodies of the dead and slain, as they were ranged side by side in *this very room*. The Colonel and his daughter, the Marquis and six soldiers, with Frazer and David, lay exposed as they had fallen, exhibiting the most horrible spectacle of slaughter and death, which I had ever witnessed. This was indeed the SHADES OF DEATH, and a fearful exhibition of the consequences of indulgence in the worst passions of our nature!

I left the city. Time rolled on. My circumstances and situation in life changed, and by a wonderful and providential train of events, I was discovered to be the lost son of Colonel B——, who had been carried away at an early age by the Indians. The horrible fact, too, was then apparent, that I had been the *willing murderer of my own father!*

More than three score years have passed away since these scenes transpired, and I am again upon this spot of blood and death; and, as if in commemoration of that tragic scene, I find the present proprietors of this accursed house, have given it the name of the "SHADES."

PEICE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

A young and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrecoverably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own.

"Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused by boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy stepped ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair."

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederick de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of one or two months by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of

a clerkship, which brought him a scanty livelihood, when one day as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him.

"Monsieur, Monsieur," said she. At the same time on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice, "and in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, Madame!" cried Frederick.

"Yes sir, you — Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she with an air of confusion, "I see my mistake. Forgive me sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine. What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederick replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopt at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her expressive beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitation to other parties followed; and to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one, however, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass, which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstances he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill looking certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty ward-robe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished and noted for her sensibility and virtue. Could he hesitate?

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union; yet as has been stated, Frederick felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady smilingly, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began.

"Once on a time" —

Frederick started, and half serious exclaimed, "Heavens, it is a fairy tale!"

"Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady.

"There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labors of her father. Some better hopes sprung up, and induced them to come to Paris. But it is difficult to stop in the descent of the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital.

The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment for her appearances; but none came.

The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harrassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day she was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stooping so as to simulate age, she went out into the streets. When there she held out her hand. Alas! that hand was white and youthful and delicate. She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leproised. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to the young woman who passed—one more happy than herself, and asked, "A sou, a single sou to get bread." The petition was unheeded. And old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money which he threw at her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot and placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, "Ah I have caught you have I?—you are begging. To the office with you—come along."

The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant; of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, "This woman is not a beggar. No, she is one whom I know." "But sir," said the officer—"I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine," repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman he continued, "Come along my good dame, permit me to see you safely to the end of the street." Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying, "here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it poor woman."

The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand to mine," continued the lady; "and

as you walked along supporting my steps, I then through my veil distinctly saw your face and figure.

"My figure?" said Frederick in amazement

"Yes my friend, your figure," returned his wife; "it was to me that you gave alms on that night. It was my life—my honor perhaps—that you then saved."

"You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!" cried Frederick.

"Yes my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have once in my life received alms—only once—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a sempstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and indeed I did my best by unwearied diligence and care to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again, and learnt that I was of good family—in short learnt my whole history. The result was that he sat down by my side one day, and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"Marry you!" cried I in surprise.

Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment he said—"Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I made my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it."

"At that time Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection when stated only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally under the impression that it would be after all carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal.

This part of my story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silk and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where a few months before I had stood in the rain and darkness, a mendicant."

"Happy Sir James," cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story, "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady—"Our marriage so strangely assorted, proved much

more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin money would have been necessary. Never I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a part of his substance—as much indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept.

"I was now a widow, and from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succeeded me in the hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you. I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to see you!" As the lady spoke, she took from her neck a riband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same that you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederick; "by pledging it I got credit for a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it.

Ah, how happy I was Frederick, when I saw you in the street. The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt afterwards, lest you should have been already married. In that case, you never would have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you." I would have gone to England and there passed my days in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not before but look upon as a sort of freak or fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So Frederick," said she gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the tailman—that has effected all."

BIOGRAPHY.



HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, one of the most eminent of modern physicians, was born, in 1668, at Voorhout, near Leyden. His father, the minister of

Voorhout, educated him for his own profession, and he made an honorable progress in his studies. But, on the death of his parent, who left him slenderly provided for, he obtained a subsistence by mathematical lectures, and at length devoted himself to the medical profession. For that profession he had imbibed an early liking, by the circumstance of his having cured himself of an ulcer in the thigh, which had foiled the faculty for six years. He took the degree of M. D. at the university of Harderwick, in 1693. At first his success was limited, but at length he became professor of physical botany at Leyden, and his lectures at once enhanced the fame of the university and established his own. In 1714 he became rector of the university. Patients thronged to him from all quarters, wealth consequently flowed in upon him, and he confessedly stood at the head of modern physicians. From his multifarious knowledge, Boerhaave has been called the Voltaire of science. He died September the 23d, 1738. His works are numerous; among the principal may be mentioned, *Institutiones Medicæ*; *Aphorisma de Cognoscendis et Curandis Morbis*; *Index Plantarum*; and *Elementa Chimiæ*.

JOHN HELM.

The subject of this sketch, a pioneer of the West, and a soldier in the Indian wars growing out of the settlement of Kentucky, was born on the 29th of November, 1761, in Prince William county, Virginia. He was the eldest child of Thomas Helm, who landed with his family at the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, in March, 1780. Towards the close of the year he looked out for a new location, and commenced a settlement near where Elizabethtown now stands. Early in the following year he removed his whole family to that place, and built what was called a fort, where he continued to reside until he died, at an advanced age.

JOHN HELM came to Kentucky in the fall before his father, when about 19 years of age. For those times he was well educated for a practical surveyor. He was of small stature, and not remarkable for either strength or activity, the qualities that most adorned the forest gentlemen of that day; but, possessing a firm, good constitution, with great steadiness of purpose and habits, he was enabled to perform the most astonishing labor, and to endure the greatest sufferings. The qualities of his mind were well suited to his business, possessing in a superior degree a sound and discriminating judgment, united with patient and untiring investigation and personal bravery. On reaching Kentucky, he immediately commenced the dangerous occupation of locating and surveying land, for which he had been educated.

His first trip was, perhaps, his most unfortunate; having formed the usual company for surveyors in those times, he commenced operations not far from Salt river, accompanied by William Johnson, the father of Dr. Johnson, of Louisville, for whom he was then surveying. A company of Indians having discovered them, and knowing their business, waylaid them while they were engaged in the active employment of running a line. The Indians, squatting in the small cane through which they had to pass, as they came up, fired, and rising at the same moment, rushed upon them with their usual terrific yell. Mr.

Helm being a little in advance, was in the midst of the Indians at the moment of the attack. The Indians, considering him as their captive, turned their attention to those in the rear. He used the fortunate moment, and passing through them made his escape—the others were killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was William Johnson; and Mr. Helm alone returned to tell the sad news that all was lost.

In 1791, he went out on St. Clair's campaign as a common soldier, but his capacity for business and superior education were qualities more uncommon in those days than at present, and could not be long overlooked. He performed all, or nearly all, the duties appertaining to the staff officers in Col. Oldham's regiment of Kentucky militia, which formed one division of St. Clair's army. The regular troops formed the other division.

Both Col. Oldham and Mr. Helm were greatly dissatisfied with St. Clair's disposition of the army the night before the fatal battle, and earnestly remonstrated with him, but to no purpose.

In the early part of the action, Col. Oldham was killed and his division routed. While engaged in preparing for a retreat, Mr. Helm was severely wounded, and his efforts wholly frustrated.

Seeing death or escape the only alternative, and being surrounded by the enemy on every side, Major P. Brown, Captain John Thomas, (since General Thomas,) Stephen Cleaver, (since General Cleaver,) Mr. Helm, and a few others, concluded to make a last desperate attempt and open a passage through the Indian lines, the only possible way by which to retreat. The Indians were doubly prepared, having twice resisted a charge made by a division of the regular army; but those men thought it was but death at the worst, and they would make a trial for life. Their plans being settled, they called long and loud to the Kentuckians to come and go home, and with a desperate shout charged upon the Indians without firing a gun. The Indians for a moment seemed to be panic-struck, and yielded to them to pass, while the whole army, as if by one impulse, followed after.

Mr. Helm, with the true feelings and spirit of a backwoodsman, clung to his rifle, that treasure to be parted with only in death—his arm bone broken and shattered, as before mentioned—and carried his rifle, and run and marched with the army, upwards of thirty miles that day.

The sufferings from such a wound would have been great under the most favorable circumstances and best treatment, but awful indeed must they have been in wilderness, with such treatment and accommodations as could be given in a retreating and defeated army; yet, after months of suffering, he returned to his family, and was restored to health. This closed his Indian fighting, and he again resumed his occupation of surveyor. The Indians were no longer a dread and terror. The balance of his life was spent in active and useful labor, mostly as a surveyor. He acted as county surveyor in Washington county many years, and also, at the same time, as one of the associates judges, under the old system, and was a neat and thrifty farmer. He had no political ambition; although often urged, he was never a candidate for any office before the people. He accumulated a considerable fortune,

considering the theatre upon which he acted and the country in which he lived; yet few men ever came as near living and dying without an enemy as he did. Seven years before his death, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, having previously professed religion; and died at his residence in Elizabethtown, in a full assurance of a blissful eternity, on Friday, the 3d day of April, 1840 having lived 51 years, the husband of one wife, and leaving five children, and a numerous family of grand-children.

MISCELLANY.

CANNOT.

We very much question whether there is a word in the English language productive of as much mischief as the one placed at the head of this article.—Indeed it has no business where it is so frequently found: for it is an intruder on our forms of speech, and deemed unworthy of notice by the lexicographer; yet there are some men who are always using it, and find it ever at their tongues end. The man who admits this word into his vocabulary is regularly done up; henceforth he is good for nothing. We like a man, aye and a woman too, who at proper times can utter a plain plump No; for that little word may be their salvation; but if they meet you with a canting cannot, depend upon it, they will—"for a consideration."

Ask your friend why he runs in debt for things for which he has no possible earthly use; and he will tell you he *cannot* avoid purchasing things when offered at a bargain, even if he has no present use for them. The time, however, will come when there will be a cannot of another nature to arrest him; and that will be when his foolish purchases have so exhausted his finances, and reduced his credit, that no one will trust him.

Ask the farmer why he allows that bottle of spirit to be carried into his harvest field; and as the ill-cut and scattered grain attests, to his manifest loss, and he replies that he has been so long in the habit of doing it, that he *cannot* do without it when working hard. All nonsense.—Thousands if not millions, have demonstrated the contrary before his face the present year.—The truth is the farmer loves the "good creature," and his cannot is the partial opiate he forces upon his conscience to disguise the fact.

Ask the farmer why he allows his fields to be overrun with thistles, johnworth, daisies; his crops choked with stien kroust, chess, and cockle; his corn overtopped by pigweeds; and his garden by chickweed, purslane, &c. and he answers he *cannot* attend to them all, he has so much work to do, that some must be neglected. Such an answer only makes a bad matter worse. It proves that he is a bad cultivator, as well as bad worker. The farmer has no business to plan so much work, as to be unable to perform every part well; and the cannot in the case can deceive no one.

"Neighbor, the bars to your cornfield are very defective, and the gate to your wheat-field is so insecure, that I wonder at your leaving them in such a condition, when there are so many unruly cattle running at large." Ah, he answers, I know it well enough. I intended this week to have made some new bars, and had a new gate hung; but have lost so much time in attending that lawsuit, that I *cannot* do it now, and must

put it off till next week.—The next sunshiny morning, he finds a whole herd of unruly animals in his fields, his crops half destroyed, and a beautiful foundation for another lawsuit laid.

See that poor man, once rich and talented, reeling through the streets! He is a sacrifice to this accursed cannot. A beautiful wife has wept tears of entreaty; friends have uttered words of remonstrance; reformed inebriates have taken him by the hand, and pointed out the way by which he may be again a man; but to all the reply, a reply fatal to hope, has been, *I cannot*. It is a lie. He can. He can forsake his cups; he can again rejoice his friends; but he must first renounce and repudiate this soul and body destroying cannot.

Young man whatever may be your profession or pursuit, if you would hope for success, never use the word cannot. You may as well attempt to swim with a Scotch grindstone at your neck, and a Paixhan shot at your heels, as to expect to accomplish anything worthy of a man while this word is in your vocabulary. When the gallant Miller, at the battle of Niagra, was asked by Scott if he could carry the enemy's batteries; suppose instead of the determined "I'll try," he had whined out—"I cannot," where would have been his fame, and what the result of that day? Cannot, accomplishes nothing but the ruin of him who uses it.

Farmer, keep shy of cannots. Use not the word yourself, and be careful how you employ those that do. Napoleon never allowed the use of the word, impossible; and in the management of a farm there should be no place for cannot. You can do all that is necessary to be done, if you set about it in the right way, and at the right time. If you do not, your labor will be like that of Sisyphus; ever beginning, never ending. Neglect nothing; keep a watchful eye over everything; see that every part moves in harmony, and together; and you will have no use for cannot.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE SEVERAL UNITED STATES.

MAINE was so called as early as 1633, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

VERMONT was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd mont*, green mountain.

MASSACHUSETTS was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

RHODE-ISLAND was so called in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

CONNECTICUT was so called from the Indian name of its principal river.

NEW-YORK was so called, in 1664, in reference to the duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

NEW-JERSEY was so called, in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Catteret, to whom this territory was granted.

PENNSYLVANIA was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

DELAWARE was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De La War, who died in this bay.

MARYLAND was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

VIRGINIA was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin queen of England.

CAROLINA was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

GEORGIA was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

ALABAMA was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

MISSISSIPPI was so called in 1800, from its Western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the *whole river*, i. e. the river formed by the union of many.

LOUISIANA was so called, in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

TENNESSEE was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Ten-assee is said to signify *a curved spoon*.

KENTUCKY was so called in 1792, from its principal river.

ILLINOIS was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify *the river of men*.

INDIANA was so called in 1809, from the American Indians.

OHIO was so called in 1802, from its Southern boundary.

MISSOURI was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

MICHIGAN was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

ARKANSAS was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

FLORIDA was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish *Pascua Florida*.

COLUMBIA was so called in reference to Columbus.

WISCONSIN was so called from its principal river.

IOWA is so called from its principal river.

OREGON is so called from its principal river.

RECIPROCAL FORGETFULNESS.

CAPTAIN R—N of this port, who had been from home a year and a half, wrote to his wife that he had arrived in London, and intended to be at Barton, where he wished her to meet him on a certain day which he named. The lady was punctual to the appointment, and so was the captain. They met at Waterside Hotel, but strange to say, did not know each other. At length Mrs. R—n became restless and impatient, frequently going to a window and "peering out" in the direction of the London road. This the captain observed for some time in silence, but at last ventured to ask her if she was waiting for any person. "I expect my husband, Captain R—n, will be here every instant," answered the lady. "Bless me!" exclaimed he, "why

then you are my wife, but may I be keel hauled if I knew your colors." The result of the discovery was a friendly kiss and mutual congratulations.

A LADY applied to the philanthropist Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "when he is old enough, I will teach him to come and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken, we don't thank the clouds for rain, teach him to look higher, and thank Him who gives the clouds and rain."

A young lady once remarked that there was but one word in the Bible she wished altered; and that was in the passage, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." She would have the word *smite* changed to *kiss*.

WOMAN are the flowers of society—when cherished, their beauty and fragrance are perennial; when neglected, they fade and wither, lose their sweetness and become objects of disgust. Be careful, then, thou to whom one of these delicate plants is entrusted.

"JOHN," said a dry goods dealer to one of his clerks the other day, "you charged that man too much for the cloth you just sold—did you not know the price?" "Yes, sir, but he was a stranger and I took him in. That's bible."

A CULPRIT being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed against him, replied, "he had nothing to say, too much had been said about it already."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. C. L. Bee Creek Mills, Mo. \$2.00; J. Y. Dewitt, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Dearbornville, Mich. \$0.75; S. S. D. Cedar Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Knox, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Pillar Point, N. Y. \$4.00; J. D. R. Williamstown, Vt. \$2.00; C. D. Gorham, Maine, \$1.00; P. M. Carbondale, Pa. \$2.00; E. M. Clinton, N. Y. \$1.00; A. A. Rochester, N. Y. \$1.00; F. S. F. Galway, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. S. Otesa, N. Y. \$1.00; R. T. Tyre, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. T. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; S. D. A. Andover, Ms. \$1.00; J. G. C. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. P. Teller Babbitt, Mr. Andrew Savage to Miss Eliza Michael, all of this city. In Trinity Church, Athens, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Mallaby, Capt. James W. H. Byrne to Miss A. Bennett, only daughter of John Bennett, Esq. all of that village.

At Claverack, Nov. 7th, by the Rev. R. Sluyter, Mr. Jacob Bogardus to Miss Charlotte D. Bruce.

On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. Robert Akins to Miss Emily Hilton, all of Claverack.

At Copake, on the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Cornelius Coon to Miss Betsey Humphrey, daughter of Rufus Humphrey, both of the former place.

In Troy, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. N. S. S. Beman, D. D. Mr. Duncan B. Finch, of Troy, to Miss Eunice Ann, daughter of Dennis Belding, of Troy, N. Y.

In Manchester, Vt. on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Sylvanus Sayles, of Halloween, N. Y. to Miss Eunice W. Grant, of the former place.

In New Sweden, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bronson, Daniel W. Wright, Principal of Argyle Academy, to Miss Eunice O. daughter of the late Earl Pierce, Esq.

Died,

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. John C. White, in his 32d year.

At Greenport, on the 6th inst. Sophia Emerick, in her 50th year.

At his residence near this city, on the 5th inst. Mr. James Fleming, in the 56th year of his age.

At Chatham, on the 27th ult. of Consumption, Doct. John Sutherland, aged 42 years.

At Richmond, Virginia, on the 2d inst. Benjamin Marshall, son of P. Byron and Sarah J. Barker, aged about 2 years and 7 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

AN ALLEGORY PARAPHRASED.

"ALAS, alas!" said the sorrowing tree,
"My beautiful garment is torn from me;
Along the rude breeze its fragments are spread,
And they rustle beneath the squirrel's light tread;
By the gliding stream their smooth course they take,
And gently float on the quivering lake.
Wo, wo, the bright green vesture once I wore
Has disappeared, my glory is no more!
The Angel of Leaves bestowed the fair gift—
I've lost it, and now stand of beauty bereft.
My bright summer hours are all past, and now
My beautiful raiment is stripped from each bough;
In pieces it vanished and scattered away—
O, who such another to me shall convey?
Scarce a sigh did I heave for the loss of one care,
Ere a second and third floated high in the air.
E'en the birds that once sung in my bosom and played
Have flown, at my dreariness they are dismayed.
In my pride erst I stood, the sun's brightened ray
Shed over my vesture its lustre so gay;
The soft zephyrs breathed through each glassy fold,
And wandering clouds strewed their pearl-drops of gold;

Far over the earth my broad shadow I laid,
And cattle at mid-day lolled under my shade;
High, high in the air my tall branches appeared,
And upward to heaven my lofty head reared.
But mark now the change! see how drear and forlorn—

My arms now are seared, my fair head is shorn;
No raiment I wear, no shadow I cast,
My beauty is gone, my gladness is passed.
The enlivening blood that diffused me with mirth,
Has left me at last and sunk deep in the earth;
I'm thirsty, I'm cold, my limbs chill in the air—
The keen blasts of winter, how, how shall I bear?
In sorrow my life I must now pass away,
And to the angel that clothed me, O, what shall I say?"

The Angel of the Leaves o'erheard the cry,
And he, in soothing accents, made reply:
"O, my beloved tree, be comforted,
And keep my promise in thy heart," he said.
Though every leaf has wandered far from thee,
I still am here—put thou thy trust in me.
Thy boughs all sad and cheerless now appear,
But let my words assuage thy care and fear.
Be patient, and have hope and faith steadfast,
Thy grief shall only for a season last;
I'll come again with the returning Spring,
And for thy branches a new raiment bring.
On thee the storm will beat, the wind will blow,
And through thy limbs will sift the driven snow;
Yet will thy sorrows cease, again thy gloom
Will be exchanged for a much brighter bloom.
Though heavy on thy arms the ice will bear,
It will dissolve in many a flowing tear;
'Twill fall to earth, and in the ground will sink—
Thy roots the plenteous sustenance shall drink;
Beneath thy bark in secret 'twill ascend,
And the now sapless trunk again befriended.
Thy blood is now protected from the frost,
And only for a transient season lost;
For a short space it's left thy stately form,
And now thy mother's bosom keeps it warm.
Thou hast a parent kind and just, for earth
Preserves with care the offspring of her birth;

Her children's num'rous wants she ever knows,
And toward the least of them her bounty flows.
Mourn not because thy genial sap hath fled—
It feeds thy roots, and makes them wider spread;
'Twill be renewed, though for a season lent,
And to thy heart bring back its nourishment.
If thou'lt but remember and trust me still,
My promises to thee I'll sure fulfil;
On every side shall shoot forth buds and grow—
A new and beautiful robe I will bestow;
I'll paint it gay and make its parts all fit—
Thy present sorrow thou shalt then forget;
A comely garb 'twill be, and all thy sadness
Shall then be swallowed up in joy and gladness.
Now, my beloved tree, a kind adieu—
For a short season I depart from you."

The angel left—and soon with dismal form
Came Winter: the wild blast whistled for the storm.
Then o'er the tree the storm in fury broke—
Yet, she remembered what the angel spoke:
It soothed her when the roaring tempest raged,
And when the winds in fury wild engaged.
The ice-cakes rattled upon every bough,
And by their weight oppressed, the tree bent low.
"My slender twigs and branches" (thus she spake)
"Let not this weight your tiny tendrils break—
But with your icy load no further bend,
Than you with ease can quick ascend.
Hope, for a while, must be your strength and stay,
And the kind angel will your trust repay.
Again he'll clothe you in a vesture fair—
You'll move with grace upon a softer air."

The face of Winter lost its hideous cast;
The raging storm grew faint and breathed its last;
The restless clouds in atoms now were rent,
Dispersed, and scattered o'er the firmament.
As through the azure sky bright Phœbus passed,
Upon the tree his golden darts he cast;
A moment the ice-cakes shone all bright and gay,
And then were pierced and rent from every spray;
Their icy grasp unlocked, they fell unbound,
And sunk to earth, and melted in the ground.

The reign of Spring had come, now had gone forth
Her ministers abroad upon the earth.
They hovered in the air, and as they sped,
On nature's face a new-born glory shed.
Well was the tree rewarded for her trust—
The Angel of the Leaves was true and just;
He repaired to her when Winter drear had left,
And bestowed a brighter and a fairer gift—
A robe which Summer's sun had never stained,
Nor blighting heat had scorched, nor moth profaned.
The tree now stood in loveliness arrayed—
More than her former beauty she displayed;
Joy smiled on every side, the birds once more,
Did from her bosom their sweet carols pour;
And in their purest notes, from every limb,
Sung to the Angel of the Leaves, a hymn.

Greenport, N. Y. Jan. 1843. VALGIUS.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A RING LENT ME FOR A DAY.

BRIGHT jewel, it hath pleased me well
To see thee grace my hand;
And thoughts that did my bosom swell,
I could not then command—
Nor check emotion's gentle tide—
As pure as rill from mountain side.
Not that thy brightness so excels
All gems I've seen before;
But that the tales thy lustre tells,
Have charms to please me more
Than all the glit'nings of the mine,
That sparkle speechless as they shine.
Thou' silent, still thou dost remind
Of her—thy owner fair,

Whose snowy finger thou'st entwined.

And glistened brightly there—
And seemingly thou hast confessed
That thou wert there supremely blest.
And thou hast oft reflected, too,
Her soft eye's sunny smile;—
That tell-tale orb so deeply blue,
And all so free from guile,
Which speaks the heart's full tender thought,
By base deception yet untaught.
And thou'st been near when her glad heart
Hath felt the gush of joy;
And then again when sorrow's dart
Hath turned to base alloy
Each new, bright hope, till her sad fears
Have found relief in flowing tears.
And thou, when sleep's dull, sombre pall
Around her head hath fell,
When dreams and fancies thickly all,
Have flitted like a spell—
Thou hast been there—yet may'st not say
If hopes bright forms or fears did away.
But now, fair gem, with thee I part,
And bid thee haste away;
Nor longer shall my selfish heart
Induce thee here to stay—
A truant from so sweet a shrine,
Where thou art wont to brightly shine.
Spencer, Jan. 1843. IOTA.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES

Upon the Death of Mr. John C. White, of Hudson.

HIS death bed! 'twas a glorious scene,
He sank to sleep, with a brow serene
As an infant's, when it sinks to rest
Gently, and calm, on its mother's breast.
He had no fear, his trust was in God,
And meekly he kissed the chaf'ning rod,
He knew the summons was sent in love
Which called him hence, to a home above.
He's gone where the weary are at rest,
His soul now dwells with the pure, and blest,
Oh! who would recall him from scenes so fair,
Back to a world of sin, and care.
Then cease to weep, he is happy now,
The signet of hope is upon his brow,
Death brought to him a happy release
From sorrow, and pain—he sleeps in peace.
Lay him gently down, angels will keep
Guard o'er his quiet, and dreamless sleep,
Till the trump of God shall bid him wake,
And at the summons, death's fetters break.

Hudson, January, 1843.

J. K.

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